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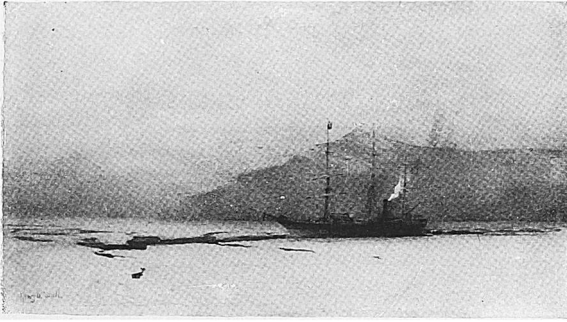
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THE OUTCAST SEA

BY MARGUERITE TRACY

With original illustrations by Henry B. Snell.



THE LAST WHALER HOMEWARD BOUND

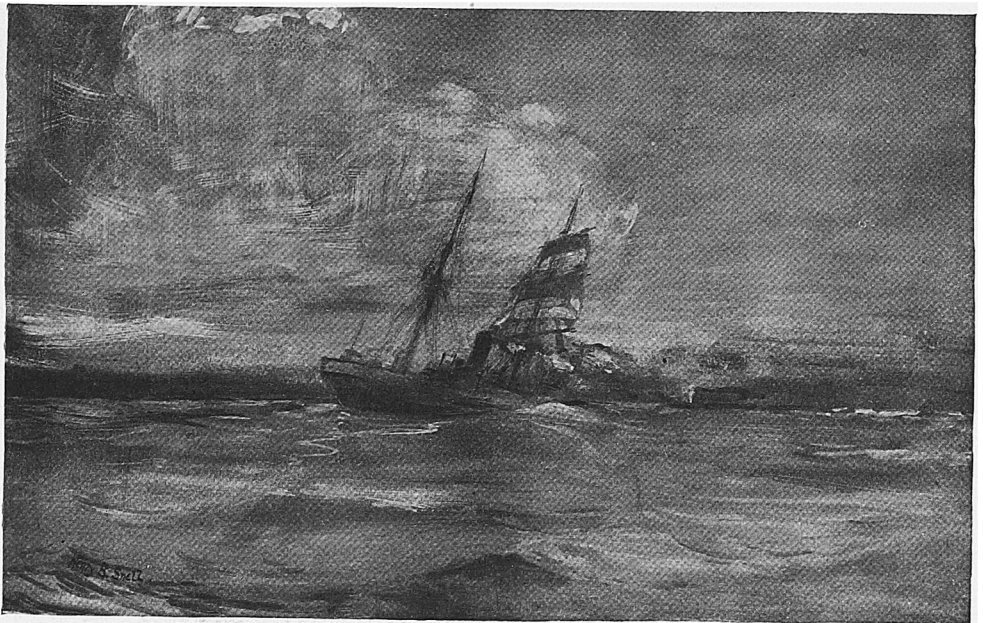
BROADER than life, as mysterious as life and death, the sea over-reaches the knowledge and the worship of men.

There has been worship of trees, worship of animals, worship of fire, worship of men, worship of all nature together, but never worship of the sea. Its grandeur has given imagery to all religions, but its vast impersonality makes no promises,

and its only faith is with the elemental lands.

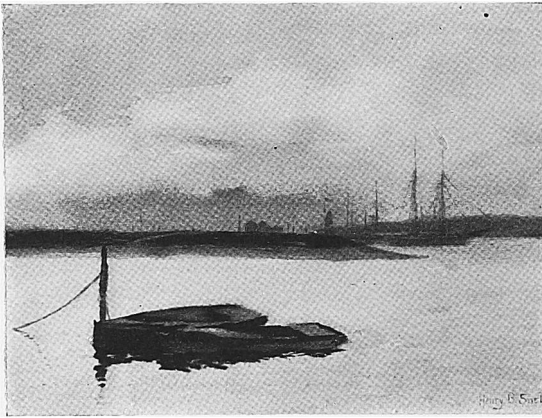
It has no thought for the men and boats that come and go upon it, leaving not a trace. It wishes them no harm, but hand in hand with heaven waits the moods of wind and cloud. Go out upon the sea and something deeper than the love of life that is in you will turn your face skyward, and you will ask: What desire have the spirits of the air?

The question of weather is no longer the empty question of the land, it is the question of the soul of nature and of your soul. The boats are not the centre of it; their insignificance serves only to emphasize the vastness of the sea.



NIGHTFALL IN MID-OCEAN

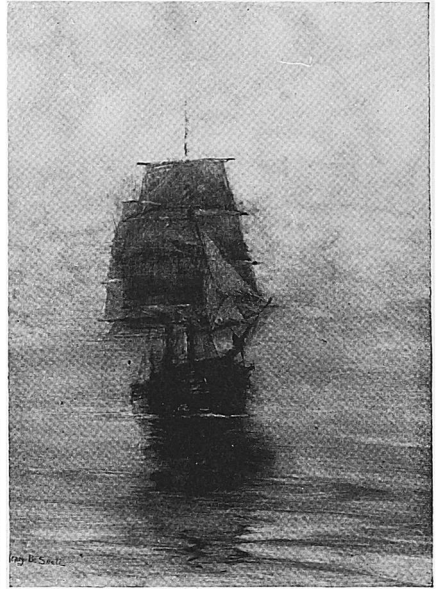
It takes a soul that can put itself aside to paint a sea like this, and one that can put humanity aside enough to make the boats come second in its thought. In every one of the pictures by Henry B. Snell given here there is a boat, but not one among them is the picture of a boat. "Nightfall" is the suspense, the uncertainty of the sea, as to what the night will bring forth. Even where the looming ship with its great shadow fills almost the whole canvas, "Crossing the Bar" expresses simple entrance upon the infinite mystery of the sea,—



ON PECONIC BAY

used as a symbol of the mystery of life. Again and again it is upheld as the greatest creation of God, and when God is convincing Job of presumption and ignorance, he asks, "Hast thou seen the springs of the sea, or hast thou walked in search of the depth? Where wast thou when I made the cloud the garment thereof and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said: 'Hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?' Declare, if thou hast understanding!"

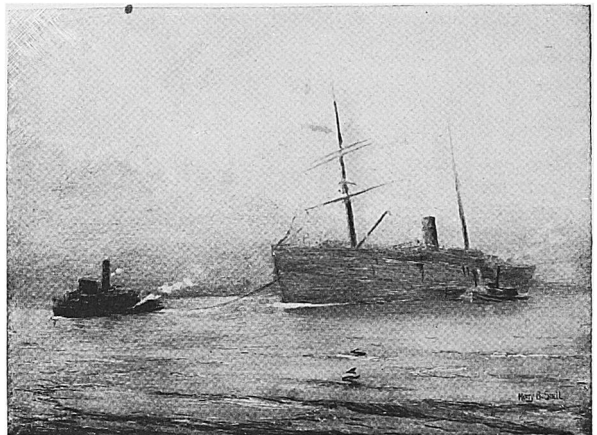
But at the end we find the sea unclaimed and unredeemed, for the strangest part of its great drama—very like the ways of men—is the Bible's closing promise that in the land of paradise there shall be no more sea.



CROSSING THE BAR

"On such a tide as moving seems to sleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which came from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

Tennyson took a great deal of imagery from the Bible, and in the Bible the sea is constantly



TOWING UP THE HARBOR